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HUMANITY.

The Louisville Commercial expresses itself in this wise in commenting on the Kemmer execution:

No matter what method is adopted, it is not likely to torture them as much as they tortured their victims, and as they took no pains to spare their victims, they have no right to expect that the public should be more considerate in administering the justice.

This sounds extremely like saying that human justice may excusably take lessons in brutality from a brute. It would be well for our esteemed contemporary to fix in its mind the force of that old saying: Noblesse oblige.

Even the justice which lets one fall on a murderer's neck is an ideal one, for it should still be human justice. Let the Commercial also reflect that the infliction of the death penalty is for the good of society and that order is restored by eliminating the elements of disorders, not by introducing new deviations from rectitude.

The idea of punishing a murderer and venting all the hate and rigor of a personal vengeance in doing him to death is a barbarous, inhuman conception of an important function of society.

GRINDING THE WORKINGMAN DOWN.

The New York Central seems to need a more correct idea of the American workingman than that he is a creature who has only uses and no rights.

Last year, when some of its employees took an interest in the petition to the Legislature for weekly payment of laborers, and some of them even went to Albany to speak in favor of the bill, the road gave them to understand that it would be better for their interests for them to keep quiet.

Free speech is dear to the workingman, but daily bread for his wife and little ones is dearer. The Central employees did not speak.

Encouraged by this success, the Central worked itself out of the Weekly Payment which became a law for most corporations, and now has been quietly striving to do away with organization among its employees.

What rights will it recognize in the poor workingman? He cannot speak; he cannot eat. Must he merely exist like a brute animal?

A young Methodist pastor of New York State not only preaches well, but plays baseball. Instead of feeling a pride in his good preacher the congregation wailed pale over the scandal of a parson at the bat, and removed him. It is a pleasure to learn that numbers of his flock got up an opposition meeting-house, where the healthy young preacher holds forth to them.

Dr. McGOWAN, who doctored ANNIE GOODWIN, applied, through his lawyers, for a reduction in his bill, as he could not raise \$50,000. He set forth pathetically that he was a family physician and that his Harlem patients were wasting away for his tender care. Mrs. SHAW also tearfully averred through counsel that the Tombs was a killing of her. Too bad.

With the first cool days which herald the melancholy autumn comes the sad-sounding rumor that apples will be scarce this year. We have been through one bumper season of peaches, but that delicate fruit seems made for reverses and is endured. But why should the hardy apple take to itself airs and become scarce?

Twenty-five thousand barrels of whiskey in flames seems to some people the best piece of news to get, while others deplore such a waste of a delightful product. That is what happened to a whiskey distillery in Louisville.

A mob of men and women attacked some policemen for roughly handling a woman whom they were arresting. When an American crowd is roused to violence it is a good argument that something pretty bad is going on.

Tenny is going to do a mile against time. The little awayback is tired of being beaten by that dandy of the turf, Salvator. You may beat time, Tenny.

WORLDLINGS.

Galena, Ill., the home of Grant, was a rival of Chicago from 1845 to 1855. It was considered the "future great" city of the West, but in a few years it has begun to decay, and at present it contains only 6,000 people, which is not much.

Lawrence Barrett was at one time a clerk in a Detroit drug goods store. That was early in the fifties, when he was merely a young Irish lad, with no pretensions for theatrical honors.

Lady Florence Dixie excels in nearly all popular athletic sports. She runs and rides well, and plays tennis and cricket with great skill.

Ambrosius Ireland, of St. Paul, who stands a good chance of becoming a Cardinal, is a tall, broad-shouldered, clean-shaven man. He is over six feet high and weighs 200 pounds.

The best articles of furniture in Birmingham are a washstand, a mirror, a lamp, a clock and a stool.

## THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

There is nothing in the world of pleasure and recreation to compare with the beautiful devotion that is said to be the Hebrew people by their children and grandchildren at the various Summer resorts. A rude remark is never made in their hearing, nor a disrespectful word uttered to a servant, mother or father. The gentle yielding of easy chairs, the offering of choice things to eat and drink, the last consideration of self where there is a driver or sail for a limited number, and the graceful anticipation of creature comforts are attributes of the children to which the filial respect of the Christian is not approachable.

Dainty little baby buttons, three in a set, connected by a fine chain, are among the luxuries of high life. These jewels may be had at 60 cents in sterling silver and 43 for the gold. The buttons are that, so that the little back is not pained, as with the screw-like and pearl buttons. One set will do a whole generation, provided it is not sent to the laundry.

The chateau belt with its dangling ascot, and besides, there are some delicate fabrics likely to be injured by contact with the metal; so a compromise has been effected, and a wide silver pin holds all the pendant pencils, vinaigrettes, bonbon boxes, &c.

Two parts of lemon juice, one part glycerine and one of almond oil are recommended as making up the best of all preparations for removing sunburn.

A great feature of dinner table decoration in London at present is old silver and gold plate. Lady Dudley, when she dined with the Wailes and daughter, dined with her table set with antique silver bowls and goblets filled with roses of every possible shade, beautifully blended, and arranged and mingled with their own foliage, shaded from green to brown. A dinner given by Lady de Trafford a fortnight since created quite a sensation for the beauty of the gold plate on the table. The flowers used were pink roses and white orchids.

The wardrobe of a lady is considered incomplete this summer without a black India silk gown. They are very serviceable.

Princess Beatrice is a crank on the subject of lace. She has a voluminous scrapbook bound in ivory covers, in which specimens are pasted with accompanying notes written in her own royal ink. It is possible that this valuable assortment of ink and thread will be published for the edification of mamma's subjects.

Miss Mary Tillinghast, a Stoughton (Conn.) young woman, is gaining some newspaper notoriety because she has killed forty snakes so far this season.

A lady living in Westbrook, Me., saw a black woodchuck prowling around her garden and fields several times within a few weeks. Not being fond of woodchucks in general, and black ones in particular, she engaged a young fellow to slaughter the animal. As it is usual in such cases, when the woodchuck is there the boy was not, and the lady could do nothing but attack the animal herself. She took a bat, and stealing up behind the ground hog when he was busy thinking about his sine or something else, laid him out with one blow and killed him. She was very much pleased with the result, and the two drops of the oil of roses being the greatest expense of all.

Two women have been appointed assistant superintendents of the Chicago public schools. Now the Illinois Woman's Alliance is working energetically to have Mayor Regier put a woman on the Board of Education. The candidate is Mrs. Ella F. Young, now Assistant Superintendent, and the brightest member, regardless of sex, connected with the educational system of Chicago.

The Duchess of Marlborough sends to New York for most of her dresses. She buys her perfume in bulk, which is sent to the manor of Woodstock in gallon jars. Her Grace is the victim of too much adipose tissue, to correct which she is in training—ethically and hygienically.

A sort of the latter treatment consists of vapor baths in which scented instead of alcohol is consumed. The spirit lamp alights with white hyacinth. The Duchess seats herself in a chair designed like a steamer chair and fastened like a tennis racket. Chair, lamp and Duchess are enclosed in a blast of white rubber, and her beautiful, if massive, proportions are steamed with the hot air and sweetened with delicate perfume. No wonder she is obliged to ask for an extra allowance every six months. It may interest the correspondent of this journalistic bureau to know that all the pretty letters signed by Lily W. Churchill that bear the Marlborough crest are not only penned but composed by the pretty, pink-checked, kink-haired maid who was in New York with her Grace last March. This attendant has rare cool sense when her mistress is troubled, which she is very frequently, she opens her mail and sends replies without consulting her ladyship.

Some of the most fashionable girls are wearing tennis shoes of a deep red.

Bill Nye in the Surf.

The Genial Philosopher Will Tell "Sunday World" Readers All About It.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

R. P. Huntington, the lawn-tennis player, of Yale University, ranks high in his studies. He is a favorite with his fellow-students. He is 5' 10" tall, weighs 160 pounds.

F. C. Ruder, the hurdler and middle-distance runner of the New Jersey Athletic Club, holds the record of the A. A. U. for the 200-yard hurdle.

William Murphy, one of the fast bicyclists of the Kings County Club, is a member of the New York Athletic Club. He has been riding for a number of years and has enjoyed an extensive bicycle experience.

A Zimmerman wears the colors of the New Jersey Athletic Club in his bicycle contests. He is the "safest" and the "steepest" of wheels.

## LEGIONS ARE ALL.

The Poor Sick Babies Number Among the Thousands.

You Can Help Administer to Their Little Wants.

Neil Nelson Tells of Some Mothers' Mistakes.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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## MISTAKES OF MOTHERS.

Neil Nelson Tells of a Few Encountered Every Day.

"But, doctor, it is only teething!"

This is an assertion that the Free Physician is very familiar with. He hears it daily without ever heeding it. Sometimes the little one is seriously ill and very often dying from disease. The ignorance among the poor is lamentable though not surprising, for with the school life of the child but 160 weeks, it is not expected that a girl can learn the science of anything but misery. The advice that an able physician can so easily bestow is the best feature of his work, and one, too, that proves the necessity for a permanent organization of circulating Free Doctors.

The other day Dr. McKew entered a little home and found a wee child slowly wasting away with marasmus. The skin was discolored, the little bones were bare and prominent, and all physical strength seemed exhausted. Nothing had been done for the poor baby. He was only eleven months old, and the mother said, with but slight concern, "Oh, no, doctor, he is only teething!" when in reality he was going to his grave with all possible haste.

The doctor prescribed a few drops of stimulant and a whole lot of care, and left injunctions to send for him if the case grew worse. But the case did not grow worse; it grew better at once. The next day the blue eyes were bright, the pulse was stronger, there was a tinge of red in the delicate lips, the soft, dabby skin was filling out, and the appetite was slowly returning.

It is the firm belief of Dr. McKew that the child would have been dead several days ago if neglect had continued, not from any fault of the mother, but because of her pitiable ignorance.

The ships that come into port bring many new elements to the already innumerable woes of the city. Four weeks ago Isaac Goldstein landed with his wife and baby and the golden hope of expectation twinkling in his breast. His little all was less than \$200. He rented one room, purchased the needed articles of household furniture, and with the letters in his hand, went to search for work. The friends he hoped to meet were no longer in business, and in all the length and breadth of Manhattan Island there did not seem to be a particle of work for him to do. To increase the misery of disappointment and the pain of home sickness his baby became very sick and for three weeks was without medical attendance. Dr. Henderson, of the EVENING WORLD CORPS, found the unhappy trio in their little bed room and, by means of an interpreter, repaired the health of the mother and child and patched up the hopes of the young husband to the best of his ability.

Here is an interesting remark from the weekly report of a Free Physician relative to the density of intellect prevailing among the poor mothers of this city:

"Doctor, my baby has diarrhoea for three weeks and she is getting awfully thin, but I am afraid to give her anything for it, as they say it is well to check it for fear of driving it into her system."

A woman volunteered this information the other day, an idea that is by no means uncommon.

This babe, who is only ten months old, sits at the table of the salt meat, fish, green vegetables and brown bread and beer whenever they are provided, but the diarrhoea which follows is only a part of the process of teething and it is dangerous to try to check it.

Dr. Mason was called at 15 Thames street to see a patient with angina pectoris. He had been in extreme agony all night, and had nothing whatever to alleviate his pains. The pulse was almost gone.

"Old-fashioned death" was at the crib. The doctor administered stimulants, hoping to increase cardiac action, which refused, however, to react, and soon his little boat reached the haven on the further shore. Had THE EVENING WORLD changed the rudder and brought the small boat back to the dock for repairs, when, in all probability, it would have weathered the winds and waves for fifty years.

There is no lack of variety to the life of a free physician in his rounds of "Poverty Flat."

One mother in Dr. Ludlow's district apologized for the scanty attire of her baby, who was kicking round in his cradle, not in the least concerned about the traditions of civilized attire.

Originally baby's wardrobe was adequate to comfort and sufficient for decency, but a week ago his elder brother concluded to have a bonfire in the middle of the kitchen floor for baby's entertainment. The fire was a success, judging from the charred wall and back of bureau, but it consumed most of baby's clothes, notwithstanding it all happened during the few minutes that the mother stepped out to the neighboring store. When she returned she found a fire burning merrily, and baby was as close to the blaze as any of our brave fire-ladders.

NEIL NELSON.

WOMEN MERCHANTS.

Neil Nelson Tells of a Large Number of Women Who Make Their Living Like a Man—One of Them Mends Tin Kettles, for Instance—Another Runs a Blacksmith's Shop. "Sunday World."

Easily Overcome.

"Suppose your wife ceased to love you?" suggested the cynic. "Well," said the poor lawyer, "I would take out a writ of attachment."

To Be Expected.

Jennie (after the ceremony): "My dear, you seemed to lose all your self-possession this evening."

Jennie: "Yes, I know it, but wasn't I a poor creature?"

## "THE TALE OF A COAT."

There is much that is pretty, dainty and humorous in "The Tale of a Coat," a comedy drama in three acts, by Dion Boucicault, presented last night for the first time in the city at Daly's Theatre. According to the programme, the play is "The Tale of a Coat," and the story is that of a coat that is nearly as important as the name of the star was to fit Mr. Russell by the author of "London Assurance." From "London Assurance" "The Tale of a Coat" is taken, for it is a comedy in itself. The note of exclamation is a volume in itself.

This latest play will make all the ladies exclaim, "How sweet!" for in it Mr. Russell always appears with a liping child on each side of him, and he does little pathetic things that nobody but the conventional in drama, and he is so earnest, so sincere, so unaffected. The pretences of the play, in fact, distinctly aggressive. It is the sort of play that you feel is written to induce a tear or two, and if you can't induce it, a little bit of weeping, the ladies will declare that it is something wrong about your constitution, for that dear Mr. Russell is so genuinely sincere.

"The Tale of a Coat," in spite of all this, is not a good play. It is at times grotesque. The picture of the journeyman tailor visiting Fifth Avenue houses clad like a City Hall Park tramp for no other apparent reason than that he likes it is inconceivable. In fact, looking at Jenny Watt from a cold and practical point of view—religiously putting aside the children, and the cunning little invitations to tears—it seems to me that Jenny Watt is a freak. A drawing old tailor, crooning humorous songs, wearing a coat of no particular style, and making the thing now and then, and the play.

The story deals with the journeyman tailor's love for Mrs. Cora Welby, who has contracted a marriage with a villain, who abandons her, marries again and permits her to believe that she is dead. Jenny Watt discovers the villain, who is a wealthy merchant, and at the end of the play folk him Miss Clara, assisted by Mr. Spencer and Mr. Gunning, and the young ladies, guests of the house.

The amount realized was \$2.50, which did not cover the expenses.

Mr. Boucicault has introduced another interesting character in the play, a Fifth Avenue drawing-room to verbally assault the villain. The character is perfectly irrelevant to the play, and while he is holding forth a score of "snaps," representing guests, like the chorus in a comic opera, stand around doing nothing, rushing in and out of the scene, and the picture of the guests standing there, like sticks, while the old man rants, is too ridiculous. It is the kind of thing that Rosina Vokes would delight in as a parody. Then there is a cheap scene, designed for Jaytown, not New York, in which a child becomes excited, Otto Rosenbaum appears in the play, and the play is a success.

"The Tale of a Coat" is purely a one-act play. It is set in Smith Russell or nothing. The other parts are feeders. Mr. Russell is a man of all the facts, and swallows it greedily. He was as good as ever. There is a quaint humor about him that is delightful, and if the entertainment were labelled "No Smith Russell" and not "The Tale of a Coat," there would be no excuse for a single complaint. Miss Linda Dietz, as the heroine, was pleasing, but her emotion was not convincing. The best work in the play—Mr. Russell's leaving—was done by Mrs. Mary E. Barker, who made an artistic character from a conventional Irish role. Mr. Keller had no opportunities, and did not appear to be enjoying himself. His villainy was denuded. He may say so, but it was all teeth. Alfred Hudson and Frank Lawton gave satisfaction.

ALLEN DALE.

SPOTLIGHTS.

Boston is having a very A. R.-ish display.

A spent dog is worth a great deal more than a spent dollar.

"To stay at home is best," says the poet. But sometimes a husband thinks to stay at home is to be bested.

"I cannot stay a minute longer," she said on the beach. "I shouldn't think you could," said her friend, with a mean and meaning glance at the first girl's waist.

"Is there any cashier," he cried, "in the bank?" And his voice was choked with fear. While there stood before him the Canada Line, a sailor, fair, calm.

The difference between the Newfoundland Banks and the New York banks is that the former never have any trouble with cashiers.

Sam Small is not even a church member, but he feels just as good as if he were a whole church body.

"Don't you have a roomy tumble with a good strong surr?" the Lang Branch maiden asked enthusiastically. It was only when she heard that he was a Russian that she understood why he said "No" so loudly.

A collier dog will not without grace, but a Saint Bernard dog will not even eat meat "without grace."

"The star at eve had drunk his fill," sings Sir Walter Scott. Next little description of a "sage" party.

STOLE THEIR "BAIT."

The Mean Trick Played by an Unsuccessful Fisherman.

"I will never forget a fishing trip that I had up in the Lake Superior country last summer," mused a veteran travelling salesman the other day to a Chicago Ave